



### How the Chickens Saved the Farm.

frightened boys could make up their minds to attack him.

But when that critical point a faint and distant shout was heard, Slinzeby glanced over his shoulder, hesitated an instant, and then vanished so quickly as he had appeared.

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The boys ran to the window and thrust their heads out. They saw the peddler remain the Indian path at the risk of his life, retrace his own to the river, and then lay out on the current with his one oar. Then they looked up stream to discover the cause of the panic and saw a canoe with the sight of two boats, each containing two men, speeding towards the cave from the distance of several miles.

In a trice the happy lads had torn away the boards and scrambled down the steps. Owen hugging a canoe of maple to his breast. The boats quickly reached the spot where the cave was situated and were found to be in one, while the other held Sorel's father and Joshua Wardie.

"How did you find it, father?" asked Owen. "Were you up at the B-mudjindj?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the old man. "I found another camping party up there, who told us they had seen nothing of you. So we crossed the river and followed the Indians and some down the creek instead of up. And here we are, just in the nick of time."

There is little more to be told. As Tom Slinzeby's boat was light and easy running, it was easily propelled by the current into the flooded creek. The rescuers rolled the boys across to the opposite shore, and made them take refuge there.

A farmer who lived in the neighborhood was sent for, and he came down into the woods to take care of the boys, while the chandise and all were loaded on the big wagon, and, after a two hours' drive the whole party reached New Orleans.

There was great excitement in the village, and the lads had a grand time and over again the story of their thrilling adventures. That same evening Dr. Beckford



## A BOY POET

foreign dilettante, who wished to gratify her, addressed her in German, but she replied in English: "You are a German and a foreigner German, but Dutch." She was a young girl and her husband was 62 when she became his second wife.

Cecil Rhodes, the most interesting man in the Cape house of assembly, is as "great-ones of the world" as a spring, etc. Rarely does he retain the same attitude for more than a minute in succession. When he speaks he comes to the point of his subject, and is somewhat difficult to follow, nevertheless, The statement that he thinks aloud is a very apt description of his oratory. The ending of his speech is usually as abrupt as his introduction.

One of the most enthusiastic of women horticulturists, Miss Alice Rothchild, whose collection of roses alone is said to be worth £100,000, has a collection of Austrian flowers to the value of £200,000. Austria Trevor Lawrence's collection is worth £200,000. Justly prized by the aristocracy of Baron Schlegel, of Bismarck, whose orchids are worth many times that sum.

John McCullough, the Glasgow boy who has been admitted to West Point, is a poor farmer's son, both in an out-of-the-way place, and in school. He is a thoroughly educated by study at odd hours. He passed bravely among a large number of other applicants a competitive examination, and on entry into the military academy, driving his military horse, he was the first to get up at night to reach the place of examination. He is a student of war, impressed by the earnestness of this study, and has a special floral examination, so as to admit him when he was next, as the law requires.

The Princess of Montenegro and her daughters who are now in Venice, are sometimes to be seen abroad in the most gorgeous costumes, which is thus described: It is of black and white silk, heavily embroidered with gold and uncut gems of great size; golden fringes and tassels hang from the sleeves, the bands and ends of the sash, and the Greek becks (hair ornaments) are of gold and precious stones. The princess wear their splendid black hair in long plaits down their backs, are attended by a girl, who carries a parasol, a cushion, and jeweled knives and daggers.

Abbe Tolstoi, son of the famous Russian novelist, went to Rome a short time ago, and during his stay, he was

